MY LIFE

The Tale of a Butterfly



Anjan Sarkar

Photographs : Anjan Sarkar

ISBN 81-237-2333-4

First Edition 1998
Second Reprint 2000 (*Saka* 1921)

Rs 12.00

Published by the Director, National Book Trust, India
A-5 Green Park, New Delhi - 110 016

Nehru Bal Putakalaya

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NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA

a gift
to
my loving daughter
Kurchi
and
all other kids of this
living planet who are the
gift of nature



I am a little butterfly. My mother says I am very pretty like her. Now, I will tell you the story of my life.

My mother is a real beauty.



Her brown velvety wings have white spots on them. With her wings spread wide, she looks like a pretty flower. I am really proud of her.



It was the month of October. One day my mother flew over a milk-weed plant growing in a garden. She fluttered down the plant. After a while, she laid white eggs on the underside of the soft green leaves.



On the third day, the eggs hatched and tiny caterpillars came out. I was one of them. At this stage we were called larvae.



I was very happy to have come out of the egg. I moved about on the plant eating the leaves, almost all the time.



I grew very fast and moulted several times.



And lo! In two weeks I was six-seven centimetres long. Now wasn't that quick?





In a matter of days I had turned into a large brown, yellow and orange striped caterpillar. From then on, I stopped having any food.

I was very skilful. I crawled under a leaf of the plant. With my head hanging down, I spun a pad of silk and soon fastened myself to the pad.



Ah! Look! It was a yellow-orange bag that I spun. A warm, cosy and beautiful bag. My mother told me that I was a pupa and must rest at this stage.



The very next day the yellow-orange bag turned into a shining silvery one with black trimming. This was my silver cascade.



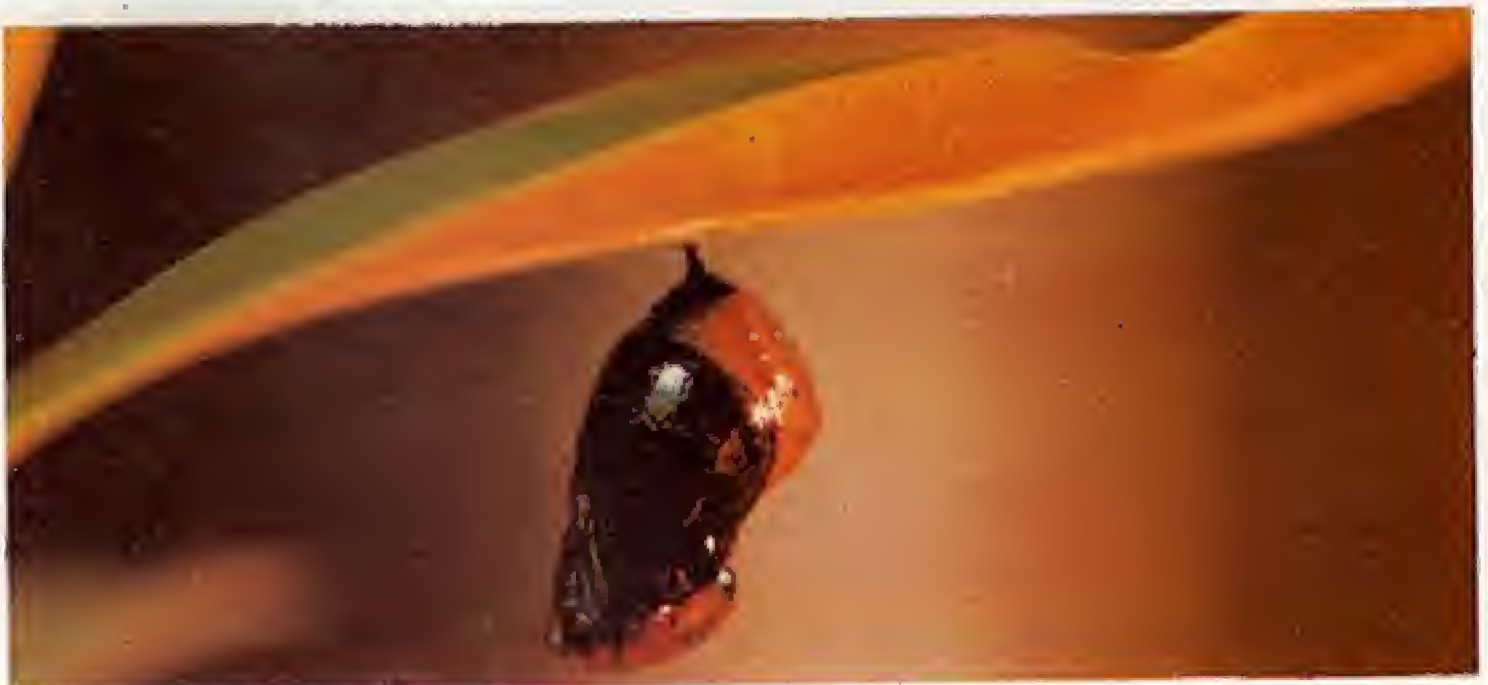
It was the eighth day of my pupal stage. My silver cascade took a blue tinge. Then, it all happened very soon.



The silver cascade turned bluish black ...



...and began to move.







At first two little feet came out of the cascade. Then two more ...



...and finally two more.



Finally, it's me with six feet and four wings like my mother.

My wings looked wet and crumpled. I rested for a while. Then I began to fan my wings up and down. Soon my wings became large and beautiful.



Now, I am a full grown butterfly kid. Fluttering my wings, I fly happily saying good bye.





I am full grown.

Butterflies are insects loved very much by children. Their wings are colourful and soft.

The butterfly, whose life cycle has been framed here is known as *Danaus Plexippus.* Generally a butterfly takes 28-29 days to complete its life cycle on milk-weed plants. The changes throughout its life are remarkable and beautiful. I have freezed each stage through the lens of my Pentax P30T.

ANJAN SARKAR

Printed at Impress Offset E-17, Sector 7, NOIDA-201301

through the lens





Rs 12.00 ISBN 81-237-2333-4

NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA